



# SYNOPSIS.

Enid Maitland, a frank, free and unspoiled young Philadelphia girl, is taken to the Colorado mountains by her uncle, Robert Maitland. There she meets Armstrong, a rugged, big game hunter, who is in love with her. Enid's persistent wooing thrills the girl, but she hesitates, because her father is a business man without a definite answer. Enid hears the story of a mining engineer, Newbold, whose wife fell off a cliff and was so seriously hurt that she was compelled to shoot her to prevent her being eaten by wolves while he went for help. Kirby, the old guide who tells the story, gives Enid a package of letters which he says were found on the dead woman's body. She reads the letters and at Kirby's request keeps them. While bathing in mountain stream Enid is attacked by a bear, which is mysteriously shot. A storm adds to the girl's terror. A sudden deluge transforms Enid into raging torrent, which awakes Enid into gorge, where she is rescued by mountain hermit after a thrilling experience. Campers in great confusion upon discovering Enid's absence when the storm breaks. Maitland and Old Kirby go in search of the girl. Enid discovers that her ankle is sprained and that she is unable to walk. Her mysterious rescuer carries her to his camp. Enid goes to sleep in the strange rustic hut. Miner cooks breakfast for Enid, after which they go on tour of inspection. The hermit tells Enid of his unsuccessful attempt to find the Maitland campers. He admits that he is also from Philadelphia. The hermit falls in love with Enid. The man comes to a realization of his love for her, but naturally in that strange solitude the relations of the girl and her rescuer become unnatural and strained. The stranger tells of a wife he had who is dead, and says he has sworn to ever cherish her memory by living in solitude. He and Enid, however, confess their love for each other. She learns that he is the man who killed his wife in the mountain. Enid discovers the writer of the letters to Newbold's wife to have been James Armstrong. Newbold decides to start his settlement for help. The man is cracked by the belief that he is unfaithful to his wife's memory, and Enid is tempted to tell him of the letters in her possession. Armstrong, accompanied by Kirby and Robert Maitland, and a note that Newbold had left in the deserted cabin, and know that the girl is in his keeping. Fate brings all the actors together.

## CHAPTER XX.

**The Converging Trails.**  
Whatever the feelings of the others, Armstrong found himself unable to sleep that night. It seemed to him that fate was about to play him the meanest and most fantastic of tricks. Many times before in his crowded life he had loved other women, or so he characterized his feelings, but his passion for Louise Rosser Newbold had been in a class by itself until he had met Enid Maitland. Between the two there had been many women, but these two were the high points, the rest was lowland.

Once before, therefore, this Newbold had cut in ahead of him and had won the woman he loved. Armstrong had cherished a hard grudge against him for a long time. He had not been of those who had formed the rescue party led by old Kirby and Maitland which had buried the poor woman on the great butte in the deep canon. Before he got back to the camp the whole affair was over and Newbold had departed. Luckily for him, Armstrong had always thought, for he had been so mad with grief and rage and jealousy that if he had come across him, helpless or not, he would have killed him out of hand.

Armstrong had soon enough forgotten Louise Rosser, but he had not forgotten Newbold. All his ancient animosity had flamed into instant life again, at the sight of his name last night. The inveteracy of his hatred had been in no way abated by the lapse of time, it seemed.

Everybody in the mining camp had supposed that Newbold had wandered off and perished in the mountains, else Armstrong might have pursued him and hunted him down. The sight of his name on that piece of paper was outward and visible evidence that he still lived. It had almost the shock of a resurrection, and a resurrection to hatred rather than to love. At Newbold had been alone in the world, if Armstrong had chanced upon him in the solitude, he would have hated him just as he did, but when he thought that his ancient enemy was with the woman he now loved, with a growing intensity beside which his former resentment seemed weak and feeble he hated him yet the more.

He could not tell when the notice, which he had examined carefully, was written; there was no date upon it, but he could come to only one conclusion. Newbold must have found Enid Maitland alone in the mountains very shortly after her departure, and he had her with him in his cabin alone, for at least a month. Armstrong gritted his teeth at the thought. He did not undervalue the personality of Newbold. He had never happened to see him, but he had heard enough about him to understand his qualities as a man. The tie that bound Armstrong to Enid Maitland was a strong one, but the tie by which he held her to him, if indeed he held her at all, was very tenuous and easily broken; perhaps it was broken already, and so he hated him still more and more.

Indeed, his animosity was so great and growing that for the moment he took no joy in the assurance of the girl's safety; yet he was not altogether an unfair man, and in calmer moments he thanked God in his own rough way

that the woman he loved was alive and well, or had been when the note was written. He rejoiced that she had not been swept away with the flood or that she had not been lost in the mountains and forced to wander on finally to starve and freeze and die. In one moment her nearness caused his heart to throb with joyful anticipation. The certainty that at the first flush of day he should seek her again sent the warm blood to his cheeks. But those thoughts would be succeeded by the knowledge that she was with his enemy. Was this man to rob him of the latest love as he had robbed him of the first? Perhaps the hardest task that was ever laid upon Armstrong was to lie quietly in his sleeping bag and wait until the morning.

So soon as the first indication of dawn showed over the crack of the door, he slipped quietly out of his sleeping bag and without disturbing the others drew on his boots, put on his heavy fur coat and cap and gloves, along his Winchester and his snow shoes over his shoulder, and without stopping for a bite to eat, softly opened the door, stepped out and closed it after him. It was quite dark in the bottom of the canon, although a few pale gleams overhead indicated the near approach of day. It was quite still, too. There were clouds on the mountain top heavy with threat of wind and snow.

The way was not difficult, the direction of it, that is. Nor was the going very difficult at first; the snow was frozen and the crust was strong enough to bear him. He did not need his snow shoes, and, indeed, would have had little chance to use them in the narrow, broken, rocky pass. He had slipped away from the others because he wanted to be first to see the man and the woman. He did not want any witnesses to that meeting. They would have come on later, of course; but he wanted an hour or two in private with Enid and Newbold without any interruption. His conscience was not clear. Nor could he settle upon a course of action.

How much Newbold knew of his former attempt to win away his wife, how much of what he knew he could not surmise. Putting himself into Newbold's place and imagining that the engineer had possessed entire information, he decided that he must have told everything to Enid Maitland as soon as he had found out the quasi relation between her and Armstrong. And Armstrong did not believe the woman he loved could be in anybody's presence a month without telling something about him. Still, it was possible that Newbold knew nothing, and that he told nothing therefore.

The situation was paralyzing to a man of Armstrong's decided, determined temperament. He could not decide upon the line of conduct he should pursue. His course in this, the most critical emergency he had ever faced, must be determined by circumstances of which he felt with savage resentment he was in some measure the sport. He would have to leave to chance what ought to be subject to his will. Of only one thing he was sure he would stop at nothing, murder, lying; nothing, to win the woman, and to settle his score with that man.

There was really only one thing he could do, and that was to press on up the canon. He had no idea how far it might be or how long a journey he would have to make before he reached that shelf on the high hill where stood that hut in which she dwelt. As the crew files, it could not be a great distance, but the canon zigzagged through the mountains with many curves and angles as a lightning flash. He plodded on, therefore, with furious haste, recklessly speeding over places where a misstep in the snow or a slip on the icy rocks would have meant death or disaster to him.

He had gone about an hour, and had perhaps made four miles from the camp when the storm burst upon him. It was now broad day, but the sky was filled with clouds and the air with driving snow. The wind whistled down the canon with terrific force. It was with difficulty that he made any headway at all against it. It was a local storm; if he could have looked through the snow he would have discovered calmness on the top of the peaks. It was one of those sudden squalls of wind and snow which rage with terrific force while they last, but whose rage was limited, and whose violent duration would be short.

A less determined man than he would have bowed to the inevitable and sought some shelter behind a rock until the fury of the tempest was spent, but there was no storm that blew that could stop this man so long as he had strength to drive against it. So he bent his head to the fierce blast and struggled on. There was something titanic and magnificent about this iron determination and persistence of Armstrong. The two most

# The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of it and Conquered  
A Romance of Colorado  
By Cyrus Townsend Brady  
Author of "The King and the Queen," "The Island of Regeneration," "The Better Man," "Hearts and the Highway," "As the Sparks Fly Upward," etc.  
Illustrations by Elsworth Young  
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He Scrambled Up the Broken Way.

powerful passions which move humanity were at his service; love led him and hate drove him. And the two were so intermingled that it was difficult to say which predominated, now one and now the other. The resultant of the two forces, however, was an onward move that would not be denied.

His fur coat was soon covered with snow and ice, the sharp needles of the storm cut his face wherever it was exposed. The wind forced its way through his garments and chilled him to the bone. He had eaten nothing since the night before, and his vitality was not at its flood, but he pressed on, and there was something grand in his indomitable progress. Excelsior!

Back in the hut Kirby and Maitland sat around the fire waiting most impatiently for the wind to blow itself out and for that snow to stop falling through which Armstrong struggled forward. As he followed the windings of the canon, not daring to ascend to the summit on either wall and seek short cuts across the range, he was sensible that he was constantly rising. There were many indications to his experienced mind; the decrease in the height of the surrounding pines, the increasing rarity of the icy air, the growing difficulty in breathing under the sustained exertion he was making, the quick throbbing of his accelerated heart, all told him he was approaching his journey's end.

He judged that he must now be drawing near the source of the stream, and that he would presently come upon the shelter. He had no means of ascertaining the time. He would not have dared to unbuckle his coat to measure the flying minutes in such scenes as those through which he passed, but he thought he must have gone at least seven miles in perhaps three hours, which he fancied had elapsed, his progress in the last two having been frightfully slow. Every foot of advance he had had to fight for.

Suddenly a quick turn in the canon, a passage through a narrow entrance between lofty cliffs, and he found himself in a pocket or a circular amphitheater which he could see was closed on the farther side. The bottom of this enclosure or valley was covered with pines, now drooping under tremendous burdens of snow. In the midst of the pines a lakelet was frozen solid; the ice was covered with the same dazzling carpet of white.

He could have seen nothing of this but the sudden storm now stopped as precipitately almost as it had begun. Indeed, accustomed to the grayness of the snow fall, his eyes were fairly dazzled by the bright light of the sun, now quite high over the range, which struck him full in the face.

He stopped, panting, exhausted, and leaned against the rocky wall of the canon's mouth which here rose sheer over his head. This certainly was the end of the trail, the lake was the source of the frozen rivulet along whose rocky and torn banks he had tramped since dawn. Here, if anywhere, he would find the object of his quest.

Refreshed by a brief pause, and encouraged by the sudden stilling of the storm, he stepped out of the canon and ascended a little knoll whence he had a full view of the pocket over the tops of the pines. Shading his eyes from the light with his hand as best he could, he slowly swept the circumference with his eager glance, seeing nothing until his eye fell upon a huge broken trail of rocks projecting from the snow, indicating the ascent to a broad shelf of the mountains across the lake to the right. Following this he saw a huge block of snow which suggested dimly the outlines of a hut!

Was that the place? Was she there? He stared fascinated and as he did so a thin curl of smoke rose above the snow heap and wavered up in the cold, quiet air! That was a human habitation, then. It could be none other than the hut he referred to in the note. Enid Maitland must be there; and Newbold!

The lake lay directly in front of him beyond the trees at the foot of the knoll, and between him and the slope that led up to the hut. If it had been summer, he would have been compelled to follow the water's edge to the right or to the left; both journeys would have led over difficult trails, with little to choose between them, but the lake was now frozen hard and covered with snow. He had no doubt that the snow would bear him, but to make sure he drew his snow shoes from his shoulder, slipped his feet in the straps, and sped straight on through the trees and across it like an arrow from a bow.

In five minutes he was at the foot of the giant stairs. Kicking off his snow shoes, he scrambled up the broken way, easily finding in the snow a trail which had evidently been passed and repassed daily. In a few moments he was at the top of the shelf. A hard trampled path ran between high walls of snow to a door!

Behind that door what would he find? Just what he brought to it, love and hate, he fancied. We usually find on the other side of doors no more and no less than we bring to our own sides. But whatever was there there was no hesitation in Armstrong's course. He ran toward it, laid his hand on the latch, and opened it.

What creatures of habit we are! Early in that same morning, after one

vain attempt again to influence the woman who was now the deciding and determining factor, and who seemed to be taking the man's place, Newbold, ready for his journey, had torn himself away from her presence and had plunged down the giant stair. He had done everything that mortal man could do for her comfort; wood enough to last her for two weeks had been taken from the cave and piled in the kitchen and everywhere so as to be easily accessible to her; the stores she already had the run of, and he had fitted a stout bar to the outer door which would render it impregnable to any attack that might be made against it, although he saw no quarter from which any assault impended.

Enid had recovered not only her strength, but a good deal of her nerve. That she loved this man and that he loved her had given her courage. She would be fearfully lonely, of course, but not so much afraid as before. The month of immunity in the mountains without any interruptions had dissipated any possible apprehensions on her part. It was with a sinking heart, however, that she saw him go at last.

They had been so much together in that month; they had learned what love was. When he came back it would be different, he would not come alone. The first human being he met would bring the world to the door of the lonely but beloved cabin in the mountains—the world with its questions, its inferences, its suspicions, its denunciations and its accusations! Some kind of an explanation would have to be made, some sort of an answer would have to be given, some solution of the problem would have to be arrived at. What these would be she could not tell.

Newbold's departure was like the end of an era to her. The curtain dropped; when it rose again what was to be expected? There was no comfort except in the thought that she loved him. So long as their affections matched and ran together nothing else mattered. With the solution of it all next to her sadly beating heart she was still supremely confident that love, or God—and there was not so much difference between them as to make it worth while to mention the one rather than the other—would find the way.

Their leaving taking had been singularly cold and abrupt. She had realized the danger he was apt to incur and she had exacted a reluctant promise from him that he would be careful. "Don't throw your life away, don't risk it even, remember that it is mine," she had urged.

And just as simply as she had enjoined it upon him he had promised. He had given his word that he would not send help back to her but that he would bring it back, and she had confidence in that word. A confidence that had been inclined to break his promise would have made it absolutely impossible. There had been a long clasp of the hands, a long look in the eyes, a long breath in the breast, a long throb in the heart and then—farewell. They dared no more.

Once before he had left her and she had stood upon the plateau and followed his vanishing figure with anxious troubled thought until it had been lost in the depths of the forest below. She had controlled herself in this second parting for his sake as well as her own. Under the ashes of his grim repression she realized the presence of live coals which a breath would have fanned into flame. She dared nothing while he was there, but when he shut the door behind him the necessity for self-control was removed. She had laid her arms on the table and bowed her head upon them and shook and quivered with emotions unrelieved by a single tear—weeping was for lighter hearts and less severe demands!

His position after all was the easier of the two. As of old it was the man who went forth to the battlefield while the woman could only wait passively the issue of the fight. Although he was half-blinded with emotions he had to give some thought to his progress, and there was yet one task to be done before he could set forth upon his journey toward civilization and rescue.

It was fortunate, as it turned out, that this obligation detained him. He was that type of a merciful man whose mercies extended to his beasts. The poor little burros must be attended to and their safety assured so far as it could be, for it would be impossible for Enid Maitland to care for them. Indeed he had already exacted a promise from her that she would not leave the plateau and risk her life on the icy stairs with which she was so unfamiliar.

He had gone to the corral and shaken down food enough for them which if it had been doled out to them day by day would have lasted longer than the week he intended to be absent; of course he realized that they would eat

it up in half that time, but even so they would probably suffer not too great discomfort before he got back.

All these preparations took some little time. It had grown somewhat late in the morning before he started. There had been a fierce storm raging when he first looked out and at her earnest solicitation he had delayed his departure until it had subsided.

His tasks at the corral were at last completed; he had done what he could for them both, nothing now remained but to make the quickest and safest way to the settlement. Shouldering the pack containing his axe and gun and sleeping bag and such provision as would serve to tide him over until he reached human habitations, he set forth. He did not look up to the hut, indeed he could not have seen it for the corral was almost directly beneath it, but it had been in full view he would not have looked back, he could not trust himself to, every instinct, every impulse in his soul would have dragged him back to that hut and to the woman. It was only his will and did he but know it, her will that made him carry out his purpose.

He would have saved perhaps half a mile on his journey if he had gone straight across the lake to the mouth of the canon. We are creatures of habit. He had always gone around the lake on the familiar trail and unconsciously he followed that trail that morning. He was thinking of her as he plodded on in a mechanical way while the trail followed the border of the lake for a time, plunged into the woods, wound among the pines, at least reaching that narrow rift in the encircling wall through which the river flowed. He had passed along the trail oblivious to all his surroundings, but as he came to the entrance he could not fail to notice what he suddenly saw in the snow.

Robinson Crusoe when he discovered the famous footprint of Man Friday in the sand was not more astonished at what met his vision than Newbold on that winter morning. For there, in the virgin whiteness, were the tracks of a man!

He stopped dead with a sudden contraction of the heart. Humanity other than he and she in that wilderness? It could not be! For a moment he doubted the evidence of his own senses. He shook his pack loose from his shoulders and bent down to examine the tracks to read if he could their indications. He could see that some one had come up the canon, that some one had leaned against the wall, that some one had gone on. Where had he gone?

To follow the new trail was child's play for him. He ran by the side of it until he reached the knoll. The stranger had stopped again, he had shifted from one foot to another, evidently he had been looking about him seeking some one, only Enid Maitland of course. The trail ran forward to the edge of the frozen lake, there the man had put on his snow shoes, there he had sped across the lake like an arrow, and like an arrow himself although he had left behind his own snow shoes, Newbold ran upon his track. Fortunately the snow crust upon the foot of the rocky stairs. The newcomer had easily found his way there.

With beating heart and throbbing pulse, Newbold himself bounded upon the acclivity after the stranger, marking as he did so evidences of the other's prior ascent. Reaching the top like him he ran down the narrow path and in his turn laid his hand upon the door.

He was not mistaken, he heard voices within. He listened a second and then fung it open, and as the other had done, he entered.

Way back on the trail, old Kirby and Robert Maitland, the storm having ceased, were rapidly climbing up the canon. Fate was bringing all the actors of the little drama within the shadow of her hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Just a Man!

In the long line of cabs and automobiles in front of a big New York hotel was one car around which a few idlers had gathered. Something was wrong. Prone upon the ground lay an animal of some kind. A dear old lady happened along. She saw the little knot of people and put up her glasses to observe the cause. Then she saw the brown fur of the thing on the icy asphalt.

"Poor creature, poor creature!" said she aloud in her compassion. "Is its leg broken?" She pushed close to the prostrate figure in the brown fur. It moved. The dear old lady took a closer look. Then she made a sound approximating a ladylike snort. It was the chauffeur of one of the taxicabs, clad in his brown fuzzy coat, in the usual attitude of flatness, tilting the under part of his machine with a monkey wrench.

The dear old lady, all her sympathy curdled, hurried on.

## Of Course It Pays.

"Does a college education help a man in after life?" "Big leaguers think it makes a man quicker on the bases."

## MISSOURI NEWS

### ENDEAVORERS ELECT OFFICERS.

Kansas City Man Chosen Head of Missouri Association.

Springfield.—The silver anniversary convention of the Missouri Christian Endeavorers, in session at West Plains three days, closed with the election of officers and an excursion to the hydro-electric plant at Mammoth Springs, Ark. The following officers were elected: President, Franklin Lowe, Jr., Kansas City; vice-president, H. B. Richardson, Hamilton; secretary, Miss Abbey Downing, Kansas City; statistical secretary, Miss Ethel Haskell, West Plains; treasurer, J. Roy Hopkins, Kansas City; intermediate superintendent, Miss Grace Collins, Mexico; junior superintendent, Miss Dora Clemens, St. Louis.

Department superintendents were selected as follows: Christian citizenship, W. T. Lawhead, St. Joseph; social and introduction, Miss Constance Lashaw, Kansas City; press, Homer T. Newton, Columbia; tenth legion, G. H. Lee, West Plains; quiet hour, Rev. W. F. Bradley, Lock Springs; and evangelist, Rev. W. M. Cleveland, Joplin.

The pastors' advisory board was filled as follows: Baptist, Rev. E. B. Mills, Trenton; Christian, Rev. W. A. Shullenberg, Mexico; Congregational, Rev. W. M. Jones, St. Joseph; Presbyterian, Rev. C. B. Boving, Fulton; Lutheran, Rev. D. Rhodes, St. Louis; United Brethren, Bishop William Weakley, Kansas City.

### MOTHER 15 YEARS NOT HIS.

Moberly Youth Learns That He Was Adopted by Childless Woman.

Moberly.—Living under the name of Fern Gillham for fifteen years, only to learn that his real name is Frank Garenger, is the experience of a 16-year-old Moberly boy.

Fifteen years ago a childless woman in Golden, Colo., adopted a 2-year-old baby boy. That woman was Mrs. C. C. Gillham. Shortly after the adoption of the baby, the woman's husband died, and a few years afterwards she became the wife of C. H. Bouque. After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Bouque came to Moberly, where the husband died last winter. The boy, Fern, ran away from home three years ago, going to Oklahoma, where he worked as "devil" in a printing office for eleven months.

His hand got caught in a press, several of his fingers being so badly mangled that amputation was necessary and while waiting for his injuries to heal he returned to Moberly. Young Garenger contemplates a trip to Colorado in the near future, where he will endeavor to learn whether his father or any of his relatives are living in that state.

### NEW FIRE INSURANCE RATES.

Entire State Has Been Re-rated, With Exception of St. Louis.

Jefferson City.—The new fire insurance rates, prepared in compliance with the rating law enacted by the forty-sixth general assembly, will be filed with Frank Blake, state superintendent of insurance, the latter part of November, according to James A. Waterworth, of St. Louis, rating expert, who was here on business with the insurance department.

Mr. Waterworth says the entire state has been re-rated, except the city of St. Louis, and that the committee handling the work is now engaged there.

The new rates must be approved by Superintendent Blake before they become effective. That they will be somewhat lower when taken as a whole than the rates now in force, is the opinion of Waterworth. They will be higher, he believes, upon some classes of risks than the old ones.

### STATE U. D. C. ELECTS.

Kansas City Woman Re-elected President at Marshall.

Marshall.—The State United Daughters of the Confederacy, in session here, elected the following officers:

Mrs. Roma J. Wornall, Kansas City, re-elected president; Mrs. Frank Galenette, St. Louis, first vice-president; Mrs. G. W. Hyde, Lexington, second vice-president; Mrs. Robert N. Reynolds, recording secretary; Mrs. George Gross, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Frank Farris, re-elected treasurer; Mrs. Elliott Spalding, historian; Mrs. Charles Lamkin, Keytesville, registrar; Miss Lucy Merriweather, Kansas City, director of children's work.

Mrs. J. L. Henton, of St. Louis, received a diamond pin for the prize essay. Mrs. J. L. Beach, of Sedalia, read the essay in absence of Mrs. Henton, who is sick in St. Louis.

Mrs. Henrietta H. Buchanan, of Richmond, received second prize, a ruby pin. Mrs. Frank Bartlett, of St. Louis, presented prizes.

Given \$10,000 for False Arrest. Moberly.—H. H. Furlman of Huntsville, who was arrested in East St. Louis a few months ago, was awarded \$10,000 damages here against the American Surety company for false imprisonment.

Missouri Merchant Dies in Store. Houston.—E. H. Charles, bank president and a prominent merchant of Summerville, Texas county, was found dead in the basement of his store. It is supposed that he was stricken by heart failure.

### Local Option Petition Dropped.

Columbia.—The local option petition for contesting the dry votes of many students and faculty members of the University of Missouri was dropped because the petitioners could not give bond or be found.

Held as Safe Blowing Suspect. Huntsville.—Louis Rafael is held here on suspicion of having robbed the postoffice here and in Sturgeon in August, 1911. The robbery here netted the blower \$1 in money and \$17.00 in stamps.

### OF PRACTICAL TURN OF MIND

Maiden of Whom Artemus Ward Wrote Had Little of the Romantic in Her Nature.

There was many a soft spot in which made the hanker after Betty Lane. Her father's farm lined over; their cows and their squencher their share at the same spring; the meadows broke out in both families at nearly the same period; our parents

Betsy's and mine—slept regularly every Sunday in the same meadow house, and the nabers used to observe, "How thick the Wards and Penneys are."

"T was a carn, still nite in Joon. All nater was hush and hazy zeffor disturbed the serene silence. I not with Betsy Jane on the fence of her father's pasture. We'd been romping threw the woods, killin' hours & drivin' the woodchucks from his native lair.

I thought that air were putty fine. I waitid to see what effect it would have upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up an' said:

"You're a sheep!" "See I, Betsy, I think muchly of you." "I don't believe a word you say—so there!" With which observation she hitched away from me.

"I wish that was winders to my eye," said I, "so that you could see some of my feelings. There's fire enough in here," said I, "atkin' my buzzum with my fist," to blow all the corned

beef and turnips in the nabershood." I should have continued on in this strange profligacy some time, but unfortunately I lost my ballance and fell over into the pasture ker smash, tearin' my close and severely damagin' myself generally.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance, an' dragged me 4th. Then drawin' herself up to her full hite she sed:

"I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Just say strate out what you're drivin' at. If you mean gettin' hitched, I'm in."

I considered that fair enuff for all practical purposes, and we proceeded intimately to the parsons and was made 1 that very nite.—Artemus Ward.

Strenuous Baptism. An elder, while baptizing converts at a revival meeting, advanced with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap into the water. He asked the usual questions, whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. After a pause a tall,